

# Orange and Blue.

ALABAMA POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTE.

VOL. X.

AUBURN, ALABAMA, WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1903.

NO. 2.

## HERE'S TO OUR CO-EDS

Big, Little and Indifferent

### DRINK! DRINK, I SAY

When a new man steps off the train and faces our splendid depot (which once was) in all the elegance of its appointments and beauty of its surroundings (especially the superb hotel which is to the front of the depot, with its liveried servants—black liveries, by the way—to spring to your nod; and the mansions to the right and—and the mansions to the left), when a new man arrives in Auburn he becomes a *Rat*. He drops the habiliments of man, its foibles and little conceits; he treads no longer the broad of the narrow way, he burrows for it.

He is a *Rat* and loves cheese; in truth, to such an extent that he becomes "cheesy." You have always heard that Chinamen loved *Rats*; but that yellow, squint-eyed love is not reciprocated—a *Rat* does not love the *Quee*.

There are many and various kinds of *Rats*. There are the *Musk-Rats*: we pass them by in disdain and with a consequential tilting of a certain member of the face, for they are tainted. Then there are the *Corn-field Rats*: these love the harvest of the corn and rye, especially in the form of something that will run when it isn't chased, something that will go down and never touch the jaw teeth—in other words, something that exists in other than a dry state. Then too, there are the *Barn-Rats*. (Heaven deliver us from them, or perhaps more properly, Satan should have the honor.) When you have a chill and wish to nurse it in the cradle of your room, then it is that one of these *Barn-Rats* thinks you are in need of fresh air and kindly leaves your door open; or, if he should perchance happen to close it, Mount Pelee's youngest and most enterprising rumble would

quake for fear at the sound of it, while the *Barn-Rat* yells "why din' you tell me?" and closes up with some such outlandish feminine name as "Dinah" or "Mandy."

For these qualities of the *Rat* there must be some bane, some solace, in things new. Since the new men are *Rats*, the new Co-Eds. must be *Mice*. That is it, that is the wondrous balm for all things "ratty." It may perhaps seem a very ironical grin of Fate that two such mutually antipathetic animals should be named together, our Co-Eds. called *Mice*, but there are many points of resemblance which one might fail to note except on close observance.

Burns spoke of a mouse as a "wee, timrous beastie," (it is a sweet and soft-sounding phrase anyway); but there are some Co-Eds. who are not so very "wee," at least not in the general significance of the word. They are slightly—yes, perhaps a little larger than a mouse—but they are not quite "wee." As for "timrous," they are such timid little creatures: they would not steal more than a *Rat's* heart, and then they would squat off and blink at it behind their tiny paws—they would not dare do more than sniff at it with their little pink noses. Some are more daring than others—some venture too far, then it is that you hear the squealing when they are caught in the *Rat*-trap, in the arms of the *Rat*-trap.

There are gray *Mice* and there are white *Mice*. We think our Co-Eds. are the white *Mice*—the dainty, white, fluffy kind with the rattle-dazzle eyes. Of one thing we are sure, we are not Chinamen ("me no lovee *Rats*;) but serve up the little white *Mice*, if you please.

## INTROSPECTION.

You grudge the mark the other fellow made,  
You want the egg the old story goose laid—  
It is true, is it not?

Though you've bowed, you've smirked, you've booted them all  
From Joe Bell's boudoir to the pres'dent's hall,  
You boot them all, them all.

Still the office the other fellow's got,  
The stripes, the epaulets, which you have not,  
You would not have for pay.

They are nothing, you say, merely glories,  
Which bubble at the top, and you call siz,  
And yet you love the siz.

You envy the man who does that same thing  
You could not do, who swings the "giant swing,"  
Who clears 'em from the "ring."

Yet you shrug and try to demean the act,  
When you would do likewise—it is a fact,  
Is it not, if you could?

Champion of the pig-skin, 'tis a vain  
And flitting fire-bug, you say in disdain,  
Because you cannot play.

These many little sins you have, and more  
Beneath the facial mask—you see I know,  
Since I myself am so.



## AUBURN WINS

Puts the Skin-Bag Past  
the Goal Ten Times  
While Howard Stands  
in the Middle of the  
Field and Plays With  
Itself.

Howard Plays a Clean Game,  
Though the Ground Was Far  
From Clean—Boyd Put the  
Ball in the Right Spot Six  
Successive Times, and Lacey  
Had the Field All to Himself  
for One Good Run.

(Details of the game furnished  
by Alston and Boyd.)

HOWARD-AUBURN.

First Half—Captain Robinson, of Howard, wins toss-up; chooses to defend west goal and to receive the kick. Auburn kicks 30 yards to Howard and Howard man is downed in his tracks. Howard fumbles, Seale falls on ball.

Auburn's ball. Boyd goes around right end for 10 yards, and again gains on straight ahead buck 8 yards. Bragg advances ball within 5 yards of goal. Patterson bucks ball to 1-2 yard of goal. Lacey goes over for touchdown. Boyd kicks goal. Score 6 to 0.

Howard kicks ball 45 yards to Lacey, who advances 15 yards. Lacey is given the ball; advances

## IN THE BOOK-LOVERS' MAGAZINE FOR OCTOBER

In the Book-Lovers Magazine for October, Dr. George Petrie has an interesting article on the Fairhope colony near Mobile—a single tax colony. Its main interest lies in the sociological aspect of the colony, it being something of a departure in that respect. Dr. Petrie is a close observer of conditions prevalent and past; and his treatment of his subject is finely knit and to the point in every particular.

He cuts out all superfluous and extravagant expressions to a nicety, with a high disdain for su-

perlatives, and in a simple direct way gives an account of one of the most unique settlements in America, or at least in Alabama.

Dr. Petrie has studied many social conditions of Alabama, and has in project several articles touching on the changes from the old South to the new, especially around Montgomery—old, ante-bellum mansions now used as railroad offices—the negro, not as a problem, but purely for his historical significance, his old traditions, songs and his children's games.

about 10, but Auburn is called back 20 yards on account of Smith using his hands. Lacey gains 5 yards. Boyd punts 25 yards.

Howard's ball. Howard fumbles, but regains call. Counts gains 1-2 yard straight ahead. Howard punts 15 yards to Bragg, who advances 5 yards.

Auburn's ball. Lacey goes around left end for 15 yards. Captain Patterson bucks for 8 yards. Smith gains 10 yards. Lacey goes straight ahead for 4 yards and again gets 20 yards around left end. Boyd bucks straight ahead for 2 yards. Lacey straight ahead for 3 yards. Boyd goes around right end for 10 yards. Lacey gains 5 yards straight ahead. Boyd gets 5 yards on straight buck. Bragg gains 5 yards around right end. Bragg advances ball within 1-2 yard of goal. Captain Patterson goes over the goal line, but fumbles the ball and Howard falls on it.

Howard brings ball out on 25 yard line and punts 30 yards to Lacey, who advances it 20 yards. Patterson adds 12 yards. Patterson goes around left end for 5 yards and passes to Lacey, who annexes 5 more. Boyd gets 2 yards around right end. Bragg advances ball within 1-4 yard of goal. Lacey goes over for touchdown. Boyd kicks goal. Score, 12 to 0.

Howard kicks 30 yards to Bragg, who brings it back 18. Lacey on one of Auburn's famous end runs goes around left end and plants ball on 25-yard line. Boyd fumbles but regains ball, also fails to gain. Ike on double pass gains 28 yards. Boyd goes straight ahead for 5 yards. Bragg repeats for 5 yards. Bragg goes over left guard for 5 yards and then goes around left end for touchdown. Boyd kicks goal. Score, 18 to 0.

Auburn kicks 22 yards to Howard. Howard fails to advance. Counts bucks straight ahead, but fails to gain. Howard fumbles, but regains ball. They now punt 20 yards to Smith, who brings it back 15.

## AUBURN'S SCHEDULE.

Oct. 3—Montgomery, on the Campus; Auburn, 26; Montgomery, 0.

Oct. 17—Howard College, on the Campus. Auburn, 58; Howard, 0.

Oct. 31—Sewanee, in Montgomery.

Nov. 11—Louisiana State University, on the Campus.

Nov. 14—Georgia Tech., in Atlanta.

Nov. 26—University of Georgia, in Atlanta.

Lacey on double pass gains 1 yard. Bragg gains 20 yards. Pitt goes over for touchdown. Boyd kicks goal. Score, 24 to 0.

Howard kicks 35 yards to Bragg, who brings it back 4 yards. Lacey, on his now famous end run, goes around left for touchdown. Boyd kicks goal. Score, 30 to 0.

Howard kicks 38 yards to Auburn. Lacey goes around left end and again plants ball on 25 yard line. Boyd gains 8 yards around right end. Boyd advances ball within 6 inches of goal. Ward goes over for touchdown. Boyd kicks goal. Score, 36 to 0.

Howard kicks 25 yards to Auburn. Auburn's ball. Boyd gains 2 1-2 yards. Bragg gains 15 yards around right end. Patterson over left end 8 yards. Boyd goes around right for 12 yards. Smith gains 2 yards. Lacey straight ahead for 7 yards. Smith goes around right end for 17 yards. Bragg bucks for 7 yards. Patterson bucks for 8 yards. Bragg advances ball within 1-2 yard of goal. Auburn bucks over for touchdown, but time being called, touchdown does not count. End of first half. 20 minute half. Score, 36 to 0.

Second half, 10 minutes—Howard kicks 33 yards to Captain Patterson, who advances ball 12 yards. Lacey gains 18 yards around left end. Bragg bucks for 5 yards. Ike on double pass gets 20 yards. Seale goes around right end for 15 yards. Pitt

(Continued to third page.)



## Orange and Blue

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College Y. M. C. A.—Sunday, 3 p. m., Y. M. C. A. Hall.

He stood out from the crowd in a rather vague sort of way as if hardly knowing where to go. He seemed bewildered, half-dazed at the way things are done at college—at the new order which was somewhat different from that which reigned in his own home with his mother as arbiter of the hurts to his heart. His

arm was not linked in that of any one else there; nor did any one smile at him as they passed. "One may smile, and smile, and be a villain." We cannot deny that. But we think that if the villain's smile has just a wrinkle of kindness in it to off-set the hypocrisy, that villain is not half a villain—because the effect of his smile will lessen the evil of its intention.

As we say, he stood alone as one separate from the common "herd;" but not of his own willing. Suddenly there were several quick, sharp numbers given while every man strained forward, then a rush to the center, and a man was around the right end with the ball. Then it was that the one who stood apart from the onlookers had a chance. He sidled slowly up to where we were and asked: "Who was it—who was it that made the run then?"

It was not so much that the questioner wished to find out who it was that made the run; that might have concerned him just a little. But it was this: he wished to say a word to someone, and have someone say a word to him. Have you never had the feeling—have you never stood apart?

There are many such in college—new ones, old ones—many who go through college and have to sidle up to the others to have a kind word spoken. There are some who come to college and are fostered by fraternities, petted by cliques, 'rah'd by clans, and shoved by classes. These may take care of themselves; but to those who must go the rapids, and go them alone, speak a word now and then. They may not belong to your class, your clan, your clique, or your fraternity, they may not care to; but lower your proud spirit a bit and touch them on the shoulders, though ever so lightly.

If you see one who has the earmarks of a lonesome fellow—who has home set back in the wooded depths of his eyes and you can even see the curling of the old fire-place smoke in their blue or gray, who has mother on the door-steps of his heart and you can even see the face turned away and the tear start at parting, who perhaps has Jennie or Mary pressed in the red of his lips and you can even see—well, we will not say; but if you see such a one off to himself, go up to him and lay your hand on his shoulder. When he turns, half-startled, with a half-glad expression on his face that someone—anyone—someone has noticed him, say, "How goes it, old man?" or, "Have the Scrubs or Varsity the ball?" Just anything; it will be enough. If you have ever been as he, if you have ever seen the others come and go in pairs, in bunches while you made one,

and only one, by yourself, you know how he feels. When you touch him, he first thinks it is by accident—for who knows him? or knowing, would recognize him? Then, when your hand holds his shoulder in its friendly grasp, and he turns, a spurt of something goes through him that an ice-burg could not chill and the waiting of many weeks for such another hand will not lessen the warmth of—a spurt that drags the anchors of his soul to deeper waters and moistens the sands of his heart. He may not answer you—at least not in so many words; but if he is lonely, very lonely, his heart will beat to the tune of something like this—thump—"Here is—thump—a man—thump—a strong man—thump—who deigns to speak to me—thump—even though the crowd laugh and sneer and cut him." And his heart will not be able to word itself any further—for it will probably choke and sputter over such a little bread that it costs you so little to heat when the fire is white with the strength of the heart wind behind it.

### "TULANE TALKS," AND THE BIRMINGHAM LEDGER TRIES TO DO THE SAME.

There is a little college to the south of here, or perhaps to the west—somewhere down towards the gulf or out towards the Pacific, we forget which—a little college, Tulane by name. In one of its blackest of black head-lines, the Birmingham Ledger says, "Tulane Talks;" as if Tulane wore kilts and had heretofore lisped, as if Tulane had spoken for the first time and murmured "papa" into the proud ears of the Ledger.

The cause of the Ledger's exultation is a letter from Tulane University which is something to this effect: "We are not in the association—and why? Because we met the Auburnites last season and did not get beaten." The Ledger in commenting on this puts in a word or two of its own and says: "Our Louisiana friends are not poetical, but truthful, indeed." The artistic critic on the staff of the Ledger is very discerning—else how could he so distinguish between the poetry and prose of his "Louisiana friends?" But his sensibilities have lost their cunning, he has slipped up a bit: there is something that is neither prose nor poetry—it is doggeral with the gerald left off and a growl tagged on—dog-growl. We think the yelp comes from towards the south-west. What surprises us, the critic on the Ledger says, that his "Louisiana friends" are "truthful." He must needs state the fact, put it down in warm black and white—why? Because it is such a rare occurrence, such a rare method for a Tulane man to employ? Surely not, surely he would not intimate that his "Louisiana friends" have ever been aught else but truthful. Then why state a fact that should be recognized without stating?

But we admit that they are

"On the Square"

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truthful to the fullest—even to exposing the shame of Tulane. We admit that "because they met the Auburnites last season and did not get beaten" they "are not in the association"—we admit it all, whole soul and liver, even to the little gizzard word "beaten." Had they been beaten instead of tying Auburn's score it would surely seem that they had not used certain practices which the association condemns, or had used them to little effect; so, as the writer from Tulane says, "If we (Tulane) had been defeated, then would our team be on the gridiron." Most assuredly; but for a different reason from that which the Tulane writer intended to convey.

This same Tulane writer—oh, so kind-heartedly—warns all teams not to play Auburn if they do not wish to be put out of the association in case they defeat her. Last year Auburn played Sewanee, Georgia, and the University of Louisiana. She tied none of them; she was defeated by them all. But, strange to say, so strange when applied to the logic of the Tulane man, all of these teams are still in the association, and she alone has been put beyond the pale for violation of rules which the association deems essential to clean foot-ball playing. Is Tulane then so mighty in the land of the pig-skin, so strong at the goals and

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elsewhere on the field, that Auburn has fear of her?—more so than of those teams whose score against her (Auburn) was greater than a tie? We think not. When Auburn fears such a little thing, when she turns up her heels and goes towards the east because of such a little speck to the west—then we trust that speck will be larger than it is now; that it will approach the size of an atom in the Louisiana dust.



Around About Auburn

Mr. J. E. D. Yonge, "Skinny," of '01," has matriculated in the Law Department of the University of Georgia. That which will interest his many friends here is that he is the Historian of his class. Auburn does not teach history for nothing, and perhaps "Skinny" will be the Historian of a greater class some day—one that is not bounded by four walls and subject to Blackstone.

In a recent meeting of the Veterans of the Spanish war (it will be quite a while before the Sons of those Vets. are incorporated) that was held in New England, the speech of a young Southerner was remarked above all others and praised, despite the fact that the gathering included the presidents of several of the big Northern colleges. Then, too, despite the fact that the Spanish war was a somewhat sordid affair without the glamour and the shattering glory of many other wars, it is said this young Southerner drew the blood to the cold Northern hearts and the water to unwatery eyes. It was not so much the press comment on his speech that attracted our attention as the name that was attached to the speech—that of Champ Andrews of '04," who was once well known in Auburn, and is still unforgettable.

Miss Sallie Ordway, one of "02's" talented co-eds., is visiting friends in Auburn. She has a position in the Washington Seminary of Atlanta, Ga.

W. H. Foy's friends are glad to see that he has returned to college. His injury was a severe blow to boot-ball, and it would take just a few more like it to knock Auburn's Varsity out. But then, there are the Scrubs. We could still fight.

Joe Knight, of "02," has a position as Draughtsman in Talladega, Ala.

In our first issue, when we were new at the business and our "reporters" were green, through an inadvertant mistake, the name of one of those who took part in a "rally" written up in this paper was omitted. Not because he took no prominent part—this was far from the case—but through a miss-deal in the copy. He is one who is in full sympathy with all of our doings and in touch with everything that concerns an Auburn boy—Mr. "Shell" Toomer. We make this reparation for our omission, not because he is in need of it for his place in every college boy's esteem, but because we know it to be true of him and love to say it. Our games are his games; our victories are his victories, and he still cheers for Auburn when the team comes home and with hanging faces says it has forgotten what the score of the game was.

Mr. H. F. Troutman has resigned his position on the Board

of Editors of the Orange and Blue. In him the Orange and Blue loses one of its most able men, and we sincerely regret that he is compelled to do so. Mr. Troutman has recently been appointed a Post in Pharmacy, and this, together with his position as Private Secretary to President Thach, makes his duties too many and arduous to warrant his continuation as a member of the Orange and Blue Board.

Messrs. "Herr" Herndon and "Trace" Lay spent Sunday, the 11th, in Opelika, where they sang in the choir of the Methodist church.

The K. A. Dance.

A dance was given in honor of our new co-ed., Miss Craig, by Messrs. Johnstone and Luscher at the K. A. chapter house last Friday evening. Those couples present were: Mrs. B. A. Wills, chaperone, and Miss Amelie Adams.

Miss Craig with Mr. Luscher. Miss Emma Harvey with Mr. Wilson.

Miss Amelia Smith with Mr. Rogers.

Miss Clara Walkley with Mr. Lay.

Miss Kate Wills with Mr. Allen.

Miss Mary Drake with Mr. Chambers.

Others who attended were Messrs. Johnstone, Alston, Strong, Hazard, McDuffie and McElderry. J. McD.

From "The Confessions of Boss Flanagan."

(With apologies to the "Book-Keeper.")

There was a noted LL. D. Belonging to the F. F. V. A member of the G. O. P. Whose son was in th' A. & M. C.

I'd sold the son things F. O. B. I wouldn't send 'em C. O. D. But sent a letter V-I-Z-A bill—a note—R. S. V. P.

He hadn't paid a single sou, I'd decided what to do. I wrote "I have your I. O. U. Will see your father P. D. Q."

Full quickly then Cadet B. B. For fear the irate LL. D. Would dock his monthly M. O. B. Enlosed a check for 23.

The Wirt Literary Society met on Saturday night, October 10, and one of the most interesting debates of this session's record followed. There was quite a large number of the Society's most energetic members out and the enthusiasm manifested was very gratifying to all who have the best interests of the Society at heart.

The subject for debate was, "Resolved, That it is for the best interest of all the people for the government to own and control coal mines."

The debate was begun by a very able and interesting speech by Mr. Isham Kimbell on the affirmative, and was followed by Mr. John Baker on the negative. Some of the speeches showed that the boys had put much study on the subject, and some valuable information was gained by those present.

Boys, you cannot afford to miss this passing opportunity for developing the power of speech, for

you will never travel this road again.

Come to one of the Literary Societies; you will be given an opportunity to display your oratory. J. L. M.

AUBURN WINS.

(Continued from first page.)

goes over for touchdown. Boyd punts at goal. Score, 41 to 0.

Howard kicks 22 yards to Lacey, who advances 8 yards. Lacey goes around left end for 30 yards. Boyd around right for 10 yards. Seale around right for 12 yards. Pitt annexes 13 yards around left. Boyd takes ball within 1-2 yard of goal and Seale goes over for touchdown. Boyd kicks goal. Score, 47 to 0.

Howard kicks 35 yards to Adams, who advances ball 25 yards. Auburn's ball bucks five, but at this point Auburn is penalized for a forward pass. Johnston goes over right tackle for 4 yards. Adams over right guard for 7 yards. Johnston around left end for 12 yards. Milner goes around right end for 15 yards. Johnston goes around left end for buck. Milner goes around left end for touchdown. McEniry fails to kick goal. Score, 52 to 0.

Howard kicks to H. Patterson, who advances ball 15 yards. Milner goes over right tackle 10 yards. Johnston goes around left end for 10 yards. Milner gains 10 yards around right end. Right guard gains 7 yards around right end. Johnston fumbles and Adams gets ball and goes over for touchdown. McEniry kicks goal. Score, 58 to 0.

Howard kicks off. Merkle blocks ball and Howard falls on it. Howard punts 15 yards and Auburn brings it back the same. Pitt gains 15 yards around left end. Adams bucks for 12 yards. Scariot gains 25 yards around right end. Camp gains 12 yards around left end. Milner gets 15 yards. Captain Patterson gains 2 yards, interference in his way. Patterson gains 6 yards. Scariot gains 5 yards. Ball is fumbled by Adams. Patterson falls on it 4 yards from goal. Time is called at this place, which ended the second half. Final score, 58 to 0.

|   |         |
|---|---------|
| AUBURN.                                 | HOWARD. |
| Merkle.....                             | C.....  |
| Pitt.....                               | RG..... |
| Pierce.....                             | LG..... |
| Patterson.....                          | RT..... |
| Seale.....                              | LT..... |
| Ward.....                               | RE..... |
| Ike.....                                | LE..... |
| Lacey.....                              | RH..... |
| Boyd.....                               | LH..... |
| Bragg.....                              | FB..... |
| Smith.....                              | QB..... |
| Referee, Stokes. Umpire, Prof. Mitcham. |         |

Substitutes for Auburn: L. G.—McPherson. L. T.—Patterson, H. R. E.—Camp. L. E.—Scariot. R. H.—Johnston. L. H.—Milner. F. B.—Adams. Q. B.—McEniry.

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I express my gratitude to all for their past patronage, and earnestly solicit your trade in the future. Razor honing a specialty.

E. RENFRO, Prop.

R. W. BURTON, Bookseller and Stationer Auburn, Alabama. THIRTY-SECOND YEAR IN THE BUSINESS I have made an import order for drawing instruments especially adapted to the needs of Freshmen when they take Mechanical drawing. These instruments will be ample for all college work, and yet very low priced. No one can compete with me in these goods. SEE MY HOLIDAY GOODS IN SEASON

Auburn's Haberdasher T. A. FLANAGAN, DEALER IN Clothing, Hats, Gents' Furnishings, Military and Sporting Goods Agents for—Ed V. Price & Co., Strauss Bros., Columbia Tailoring Co., International Tailoring Co., Chicago's and Cincinnati's famous tailors. Also agents for Harrison & Harrison, Military Contractors, Tuscaloosa, Ala. Cadets are invited to make my store their headquarters T. A. FLANAGAN.

Boys, this space is reserved for the WRIGHT BROS., You Know Them, We Know Them, Everyone Knows Them. With their old-time generosity they could not pass us by without giving us an ad; but in a limited time they could not do justice to their line of goods, so they have secured this space and reserve it for another time. If you wish to see their fine assortment without waiting for the ad, they are at their old stand. Anyone can tell you where it is.

LAZARUS & TOOMER AUBURN, ALABAMA LEADING PHARMACISTS AND DEALERS IN PATENT MEDICINES AND DRUGGISTS' SUNDRIES, DRUGGISTS' FANCY AND TOILET ARTICLES, HAIR, TOOTH AND PAINT BRUSHES Prescriptions Filled by us Contain Only the Purest Ingredients and are Compounded by Skilled Pharmacists

DR. O. M. STEADHAM, PHYSICIAN And Dealer in Drugs, Toilet Articles and All Kinds of Cold Drinks



## AT THE CORE OF THE CORPS.

It was raining, but—

It was muddy, but—

That's playing 'em some, Auburn!

Two of them, both of them, all of them—go it, Auburn!

Auburn loses,

I don't think,

58 to 0

In the twinkle of a wink.

How about the Scrubs? Not so bad themselves—something of a Varsity themselves.

Cadet B.—They are thinking of canceling our game in Birmingham because of Barnum and Bailey.

Cadet W. A.—Why—what's the matter? Can't Barnum and Bailey play?

[Think of the *tune* of it when Barnum and Bailey can play "Hiawatha" or "Mr. Dooley" up and down the reserved seats and back again to the pea-nut stand.]

Now two Moons rose over the hill,

Where only one had been;

And something made my heart grow still,

Frightened the hearts of men.

But lo! One Moon is in the skies

And treads the Milky way:

The other Moon is made of sighs,

And has his bills to pay.

One Moon sits 'mid the stars on high,

Or threads his lonely beat:

The other grunts and says "O my,

"Gimme somepen to eat."

The man who can bottle up his wrath at all times is a corker.  
—[S. E. P.]

Trouble will meet you half-way and will gladly accompany you the rest of the distance. —[S. E. P.]

Behold! For two years ours was Peace.

And his sanily visage charming

Gave us two years quiet surcease

From rumors of wars alarming.

But now, up, ye hosts of blue, up

Ye warring men of Auburn, up.

For ye must drain the bloody cup,

Turn up and drain the bloody cup.

Th' conq'ring armies come, they come!

With pennants broad and sounding drum

The marshalled legions gave us Battle.

Lord Father of Battles, pray stay your hand,

Pray take the rage from off our land,

Nor give us another Battle!

We won't be satisfied with the Car of Progress until it has comfortable seats for the passengers who now have to hang onto the straps. —[Puck.]

Boys, don't ride on the trains, at least not those that pass through Auburn. If you have need of transportation, go through the country in mule-carts, dog-carts, or any old carts—don't—don't go by way of the Rail-roads! With his characteristic energy our Business Manager wrote to the headquarters of these Rail-roads for Ads to be placed in this paper. With the monopoly of the situation to fall back on they gave us the cold wink—the, yours truly, nothing doing. We tell you this that you may show them what you can do—some of you can easily ride the "ponies" down the high-road—some of you can take the "schooners" no matter how heavily loaded: you must patronize the Rail-roads no longer. We are sure you will do this much for us: you are so very kind.

If you cannot do this for us, if you wish to ride on the trains Xmas as far as Opelika without creepers playing tennis down your back for fear one of the Faculty or some other Sacred Thing will happen upon you unnoticed (as they do on your Saturday night jamberee), there is one other thing we wish to ask of you. Do not "plunk down" as we said in our "last;" but say, you look un-well, you must surely have a cold—"cough up."

## Exchange Column

J. McDUFFIE.

If men are the salt of the earth, women are no doubt the sugar. Salt is a necessity—sugar a luxury. Vicious men are salt-peter; stern men are rock salt; nice men are table salt. Old maids are brown sugar; good-natured matrons are loaf sugar and pretty girls are fine pulverized sugar. Pass the pulverized sugar, please.—Exchange.

### THE FRESHIE'S LAMENT.

(As sung by Paddy-Ruesky.)  
A moan, a groan and a long drawn sigh  
Express my feelings best,  
I'll lie down in my bed and die,  
Then I may get some rest,  
All day, all night, and in between  
They beat upon my shape  
I would my father could have seen  
My likeness to an ape.

#### CHORUS:

Home ain't nothing like this,  
No one to give me a good night kiss;  
Picked teams playing ping-pong in the hall  
Often use me for a ball,  
Home ain't nothing like this,  
You don't know all I miss,  
The bill of fare would take your breath  
The soap I eat will be my death.

The Sophs use paddles two feet long,  
The Freshmen have them three;  
But both these brands seem very wrong,  
They both cause pain to me,  
They spin me in a greasy bowl  
I go around so fast,  
That Heaven no longer is my goal,  
For t'other place I'm cast.

#### CHORUS:

Home ain't nothing like this, etc. —The Reveille.

The fellows who write the cynical knocks about women are most unjust. We have never seen one yet willing to give women credit for the amount of bluffing they can do with the brains they have.—Exchange.

The 3rd Arkansas Cavalry and the 8th Texas Cavalry, better known as Terry's Texas Rangers, were in the same brigade. There was a young man belonging to the former regiment named Sam Dissimulation. One day just as our brigade was going into the battle of Mossy Creek, in East Tennessee, Sam handed me a letter and said: "If I get wounded you will please send this to my best girl in Arkansas. You can read it if you wish." Sure enough Sam was wounded. The following is a true copy of the letter:

"My dear Mary, most worthy of admiration, after long consideration, much meditation on the great reputation you possess in the nation I have a strong inclination to become your relation. On your approbation of the declaration I shall make preparation to remove my situation to a more convenient station to profess my admiration and if such oblation is worthy of observation and can obtain commiseration it will be an aggrandizement beyond all calculation of the joy and exultation of yours.

#### SAM DISSIMULATION.

In due time the following answer came:

"My dear Sam, I perused your oration with much adoration, at the great infatuation of your imagination to show such veneration on so slight a foundation. But after examination and much serious contemplation, I suppose your animation was the fruit of recreation or has sprung from ostentation to display your education by an odd enumeration, or rather multiplication of words of the same termination, though of great variation in each respective signification. Now without disputation of your laborious application in so tedious an occupation deserves commendation and thinking imitation a sufficient gratification, I am without hesitation,  
MARY MODERATION."

Sam soon recovered and got a leave of absence and went to see Mary Moderation with much gratification, married and settled on a plantation.

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**Shoes, Hats and Men's Furnishings**  
You Can Find in Our Store. Come to See  
**SAMFORD & DOWDELL**  
SOUTH R. R. AVENUE OPELIKA, ALA

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CALL AND TAKE A LOOK AT OUR NEW STYLES IN  
**Clothing, Hats, Shoes, Shirts,**  
**: Underwear and Neckwear :**  
BEFORE MAKING YOUR PURCHASE

Very respectfully yours,

**W. D. VARNER,**  
OPELIKA, ALABAMA.

**Hanan Shoes, Hawes Hats,**  
**Faultless Shirts, Shaw Knit**  
**Socks, Best Gloves, Superb**  
**Neckwear** ❧ ❧ ❧ ❧

And many other items of men's wear appeal to the judgment of those wishing the best and most economical apparel.

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**R. M. GREENE, JR.**  
**Clothing, Shoes and Hats.**  
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CARRY A FULL LINE OF TOILET PREPARATIONS,  
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